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EIGHT PAGES.

**GERMANY'S REPLY EVASIVE;
DOESN'T PROMISE PROTECTION
TO AMERICANS IN THE FUTURE****President Now Facing Two
Grave International
Crises.****MEXICAN INTERVENTION LIKELY****Increased Strife in Southern Repub-
lic Puts Population on Verge of
Starvation and Administration Out
of Patience; Warlike Imminent.**

By Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Two international problems, the one a crisis in the relations between the United States and Germany, and the other the determination of the administration to bring about an early cessation of the internal warfare in Mexico, developed for President Wilson today, a combination of circumstances hardly paralleled in American history.

The president had prepared a statement to be issued tomorrow as a warning to Mexican factions that their incessant strife had forced the innocent populace to the verge of starvation and that unless the chief elements came to an agreement to restore order some other means would have to be found by the United States to accomplish this end.

The confidence in executive quarters that the warlike would not act in motion definite plans for peace in Mexico, but in respect of the relations with Germany, made increasingly grave by the reply from Berlin to the American note sent as a consequence of the Lusitania disaster, pessimism and high tension were apparent.

President Wilson went for a long auto ride early today after reading newspaper editorials and cables. He had not received the official text from the State Department and as his day was broken by an engagement to speak at Memorial Day exercises in the Arlington National Cemetery he will not be in a thorough study of the note before the night.

An unusually large number of telephone calls were received by the president today. There was a scattering of handshaking and the president bowed and smiled in reply. Officials generally took the president with profound disappointment for they pointed out it endeavored to obscure and evade the main issue—the question of human life lost and property destroyed. A technical argument on matters of law hitherto undisturbed under universally accepted laws of nations. Most of the callers, however, noted that no attention was given to the request of the United States for assurance that American lives would be safeguarded in the future.

The course of the Lusitania disaster will be discussed at tomorrow's cabinet meeting. Through Ambassador Gerard, the president has known for several days of the disappointing character of the German note. What his action will be is unknown to anyone, but himself it is believed he has formed definite conclusions.

From a previous knowledge of his feeling of the Lusitania disaster, it is believed in many quarters that he will order the dispatch of a second note to Berlin within 24 or 48 hours answering Germany's request for the facts of the Lusitania's cargo and equipment with a restatement of the circumstances of her sinking. The first American note and an information that a prompt reply is expected. Reference, it is believed, will be made to the understanding that the American government that another American vessel had been torpedoed without warning while the diplomatic discussion was in progress and urgent inquiry it is believed will lead to what effective measures will be taken by the German government to prevent the further destruction of American lives and property.

The United States government was the American point of view on the legal questions has never been disputed in the past by Germany or other nations in any of the essential features.

TEXT OF GERMAN REPLY

BERLIN, via London, May 31.—The following is the text of the German note:

The undersigned has the honor to submit to Ambassador Gerard the following answer to the communication of May 15, regarding the injury to American interests through German submarine warfare.

The imperial government has subjected the communication of the American government to a thorough investigation. It entertains also a keen wish to cooperate in a possible misunderstanding which may have arisen in the relations between the two governments through the events mentioned by the American government, regarding the sinking of the Lusitania.

The American ambassador has already been informed that the German government has no intention of submitting neutral ships in the war zone which are guilty of no hostile act to attacks by a submarine or submarines or aviators. On the contrary the German forces have repeatedly been instructed most specifically to avoid attacks on such ships.

If neutral ships in recent months have suffered through the German submarines were owing to mistakes in identification it is a question of quite isolated and exceptional cases which can be attributed to the British government's abuse of flags, together with the suspicious or culpable behavior of the masters of the ships. The German government, in all cases in

which it has been shown by investigation that the neutral ships not itself at fault, was damaged by German ships or aviators has expressed regret over the unfortunate accident and this, justified by conditions, has offered indemnification.

The cases of the Cushing and the Dahlgren will be treated on the same principle. An investigation of both cases is in progress, the result of which will presently be communicated to the embassy. The investigation can, if necessary, be supplemented by an international call on the international commission of inquiry as provided by Article III of The Hague agreement of October 18, 1907.

When sinking the British steamer Paluba the commander of the German submarine had the intention of allowing the vessel to escape and giving a full opportunity for a safe escape. Only when the master did not obey these orders to leave in but did not submit himself to the search of the crew and passengers by signals and messages to leave the ship within 10 minutes. He actually allowed them 20 minutes time and fired the torpedoes only when the vessel was within 100 yards of the assistance of the Paluba.

Regarding the loss of life by the sinking of the British passenger steamer, the Lusitania, the German government has already expressed to the neutral governments concerned its keen regret that citizens of their states lost their lives.

On this occasion the imperial government, however, cannot escape the impression that certain important facts having a direct bearing on the sinking of the Lusitania have escaped the attention of the American government. In the interest of a clear and complete understanding which is one of both governments, the imperial government considers it most necessary to consider itself that the information available to both governments about the facts of the case is complete and in accord.

The government of the United States proceeds on the assumption that the Lusitania could be regarded as an ordinary unarmed merchant ship. The imperial government allows itself in this connection to point out that the Lusitania was one of the largest and fastest British merchant ships built with government funds as an auxiliary cruiser and carried expressly as such the naval armament of the British navy.

It is further known to the imperial government from trustworthy reports from its agents and neutral passengers that for a considerable time practically all its most valuable cargo consisted of munitions and other weapons and military stores of various kinds. It was specially trained in serving guns. The Lusitania, too, according to information received here, had cannon mounted which were mounted and concealed below deck.

The imperial government further has the honor to announce the intention of the American government to the fact that the British admiralty in January, 1915, recommended its merchant shipping not only to seek protection under neutral flags and distinguish themselves by the display of the neutral flag, but also to be equipped with cannon and ammunition and other weapons and military stores of various kinds. It is in view of this fact, indisputably known to it, is unable to regard the sinking of the Lusitania as an ordinary case of submarine warfare. The German government, however, has already offered high prizes and has already offered high prizes and has already offered high prizes in view of this fact, indisputably known to it, is unable to regard the sinking of the Lusitania as an ordinary case of submarine warfare.

Finally the imperial government must point out particularly that the sinking of the Lusitania, as an earlier occasion, carried "armed" troops and war materials, including no less than 500 cases of ammunition and other weapons and military stores. The brave German soldiers who are fulfilling their duty with self-sacrifice and devotion in the Fatherland's service.

The German government believes that it was acting in justified defense in sinking the Lusitania with all the means of warfare at its disposal in order to protect the lives of its soldiers by destroying ammunition intended for the enemy.

The British shipping company must have been aware of the danger to which the passengers aboard the Lusitania were exposed under these conditions. The company, however, attempted to liberate to use the lives of American citizens as a pretext for the destruction of war and against the clear provisions of the American law which expressly prohibits the carrying of passengers on ships carrying ammunition and provides a penalty therefor. The company is therefore manifestly guilty of the deaths of so many passengers.

There can be no doubt, according to the definite report of the submarine's commander, which is further confirmed by all other information that the sinking of the Lusitania is primarily attributable to the explosion of the ammunition shipment carried by a torpedo. The Lusitania's passengers would otherwise in all human probability have been saved.

The imperial government considers the above mentioned facts important enough to recommend them to the attentive examination of the American government.

The imperial government, while withholding its final decision on the Lusitania disaster, is in communication with the sinking of the Lusitania on receipt of an answer from the American government regarding the question of indemnification for the lives lost and property destroyed. The imperial government is now that it took cognizance with satisfaction of the indemnities requested submitted by the United States government to Berlin and London as a basis for a motion vivendi for conducting the marine warfare between Germany and Britain.

The imperial government is its readiness to enter upon a discussion of these indemnities in connection with the good intentions in simple fashion. The realization of these proposals was defeated as is well known by the delinquent attitude of the British government.



DECORATION DAY PARADE. Bottom. GRANDCHILDREN OF VETERANS. Top.

**REVERENTIAL SPIRIT MARKS OBSERVANCE OF
MEMORIAL DAY IN CITY AND VICINITY**

A spirit of greater reverence than usual marked the observance of Memorial Day in Connellsville. Never were there more graves of loved ones decorated and never before was it brought home so forcibly that Memorial Day is a day of mourning rather than of celebration. The weather man was not kind in his selection of weather, but there was no rain to interfere with the services in the open, and people were grateful for that much at least.

The cemetery was never in better condition. The hillsides where many loved ones rest were veritable banks of flowers, the walks had been improved and almost all of the lots were cleaned up and beautified.

The funeral service of the G. A. R. conducted memorial services in their quarters in the Odd Fellows' Hall at 8 o'clock, doing honor to the memory of 10 soldiers, two of whom died last year. The graves of the deceased were decorated. Eight are buried in Hill Grove Cemetery, one in Chestnut Hill Cemetery and another at Fairview.

Members of William F. Kurtz Post.

LAY CORNERSTONE

Local Woman Trustee of the Baptist Orphanage.

The cornerstone of the new building of the Baptist Orphanage and Home Society of Western Pennsylvania, to be erected in Mount Lebanon township, was laid this afternoon at 2 o'clock. The ceremony was given by Rev. J. S. Bromley of Uniontown, and J. E. O'Neil, president of the society, set the stone.

The Home Society was organized January 6, 1910, in West Newton Baptist Church. A temporary home was located at West Newton and opened June 21 of last year. Mrs. Joseph Dixon of this city is a member of the board of trustees. Miss Jane Barnett, better known as "Aunt Jane," and one of the oldest members of the local First Baptist Church, is an inmate of the home.

LIGHTS GO OFF

Connellsville in Darkness for Five Minutes Saturday Night.

Connellsville and other towns supplied by the West Penn were in entire darkness Saturday night for about five minutes when the current went off unexpectedly about 9 o'clock. Turbine trouble at the main power plant at Fayette station was the cause.

The current which operates the street cars which is on a different circuit, was off for about 25 minutes.

Held Hospital Services

The young people of the First Baptist Church held services yesterday afternoon at the Cottage State Hospital.

Payday on Southwest

Employees of the Southwest branch of the Pennsylvania railroad were paid on Saturday.

No. 104, Grand Army of the Republic, the Sons of Veterans, Company D, Tenth Regiment, N. G. P., and the Spanish-American War Veterans and other organizations assembled at city hall at 8 o'clock and headed by the Connellsville Military Band, marched to Chestnut Hill Cemetery, where the G. A. R. ritual was carried out and the graves of old soldiers decorated. The veterans, most of whom are now well advanced in years, rode in carriages and the flowers were carried in automobiles, all donated for the occasion by many patriotic citizens.

The band played with muted instruments as it marched at the head of the procession.

After reassembling at the bridge and marching via Prospect street and Fairview avenue to Hill Grove Cemetery, memorial exercises were conducted by the G. A. R. by the members of Kurtz Post, Ludick Circle, Spanish War Veterans and Sons of Veterans. Here again the soldiers graves were decorated. There was no

HOLDS POLICE AT BAY.

Wheeling Man Shoots Wife and Belies.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 31.—After drinking a quart of whiskey, it is alleged, Cleveland Hoffman, 28 years old, a teamster, picked up a double-barreled shotgun yesterday afternoon and fired the contents of one barrel into the back of his wife's head.

Hoffman assisted in carrying his wife into the house, then returned to the yard and for an hour held back eight policemen. It is said, with a shotgun, and a revolver. His sister finally induced him to surrender. His wife was taken to a hospital, where, it is said, she cannot recover.

Delegates to Presbytery.

R. C. Heerhoever has been appointed delegate, and W. R. Kenney alternate to represent the First Presbyterian Church at the date meeting of the Redstone Presbytery to be held in Uniontown.

Frank's Last Night.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 31.—The last night of Leo M. Frank from death began here today with preparations for the hearing before the state prison commission on his application for commutation.

Weather Forecast

Partly cloudy tonight and Tuesday, but the moon weather forecast for Western Pennsylvania.

(Owing to the fact that the West Penn offices are closed today, other weather figures are not available.)

**L. F. RUTH SECURES VALUABLE
BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, D. C.**

Other Connellsville Men Interested in Project. Trade, May Establish Bank.

An important real estate deal in which L. F. Ruth and local associates are interested, was closed last week in Washington when the Adams building on the north side of F street, between Thirtieth and Fourteenth streets Northwest, was exchanged by the Willard estate for Winsor Hill property in Baltimore, and some Pennsylvania property. The purchaser was Attorney R. S. Matthews, representing Mr. Ruth and his associates. The value of the Adams building is figured at about \$600,000.

The sale was made in connection with H. Tozier Lulaney, who represented the Willard estate. It is said that the owners of the Adams building will spend a large amount of money for improvements with a view of using it eventually as a financial institution. When all improvements are completed it is expected that the structure will rent for about \$10,000. The changes will consist of a thorough renovation of the property with up-to-date improvements, including a new front and bank vaults.

It was said that the new owners considered raising the present building and erecting a new building on the site, but upon the advice of Washington architects, however, it was concluded that the building was too valuable to be destroyed. It is well constructed of brick and steel, with brick arched floorings.

The site which was a part of the property once owned by John Quincy Adams, former President of the United States, is considered one of the most valuable in Washington. The building is a seven-story structure of fireproof construction. It has a frontage of 53.5 feet on F street and a depth of 112.5 feet to a 26-foot alley.

EFFICIENCY CONFERENCE

Rev. John Lowe Fort Addresses Methodist Meetings.

An efficiency conference in being held at the First Methodist Episcopal Church with Rev. John Lowe Fort of New York, efficiency secretary of the general conference commission, as the principal speaker. The conference began yesterday morning at which time Rev. Fort preached an instructive sermon. Yesterday afternoon he addressed a large number of men of the church.

The meeting convened this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with ministers and representative laymen from all parts of the Methodist Episcopal church in attendance. Rev. H. S. Piper, of the Seaboard, spoke on "Christian Stewardship." Rev. Fort spoke on "Efficiency in the Church." A round table conducted by Rev. Fort followed. This evening Rev. Fort will address a people's meeting in the church.

Among the speakers were Rev. J. J. Hill, superintendent of the McKeesport district; Rev. J. A. Young, of Perryopolis; Rev. Ralph Bell of Vanderbilt; Rev. H. A. Baum, of Dawson, and Rev. Morgan, of Salisbury.

CLERGYMEN DEFER ACTION

Merely Discuss Plan to Engage Evangelist "Bob" Jones.

Definite action regarding the holding of union evangelistic meetings in Connellsville was postponed today by the ministers and official boards of the different protestant churches held yesterday afternoon in the chapel of the First Baptist Church. At a recent meeting of the Ministerial Association the ministers expressed themselves of being in favor of the meetings and appointed Rev. C. C. Buckner, Rev. J. H. Ferguson and Rev. Wilbur Nelson a committee to get in touch with different evangelists. They recommended "Bob" Jones of Alabama.

Rev. W. H. Bechtel, the chairman, presented the matter to the official boards. Different laymen expressed themselves regarding the meetings and a general discussion followed. Definite action will be taken at a meeting to be held next Sunday afternoon.

GOING FISHING.

Rev. Burgess to John Rev. Donohoe in Whipping Stream.

Rev. J. H. Burgess, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church, left today for Connersport to visit Rev. C. T. Donohoe, former pastor of the Presbyterian Church here. The two expect to enjoy some good fishing.

While there Rev. Burgess will take up the proposition of marking historic places in Fayette county, as suggested by the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, of which Dr. Donohoe is the head.

Mrs. Forwalt Taken Home.

Mrs. Frank Forwalt, who walked in her sleep early Saturday morning from her home in Wheeler to Hill Grove cemetery and then to the home of A. G. Watson on Fairview avenue, awoke from her long sleep Saturday at noon at the Watson home and was taken to her home in a taxicab.

W. H. Clinegerman Back.

W. H. Clinegerman, of Scotland, president of the L. C. Frick Coke Company, arrived home last night from a business trip to New York.

A False Alarm.

The fire department responded to a false alarm from 314, Cityburg street and Patterson avenue, at 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

Sufferer Sprained Arm.

While grading an automobile Saturday Herbert Dugan, of the West Side, suffered a sprained arm when the engine "kicked."

**GRADUATES HEAR
FORCEFUL SERMON
BY DR. J. C. ACHESON****Large Congregation Attends
Second Event of Com-
mencement Week.****BATTLE OF LIFE DESCRIBED****A Constant Struggle Between Good and
Evil Forces is in Every One's
Soul, Speaker Declares; Urges on
Hearers Value of an Ideal Life.**

A large congregation heard the annual graduation exercises at the graduating class of the Connellsville High School delivered last evening at the Colonial Theatre by Dr. John Carey Acheson, president of the Pennsylvania College for the Deaf and Blind.

Rev. W. J. Everhart presided. Kierle's Orchestra played a pleasing prelude which was followed by an anthem, "Praise Ye the Father," by the choir. Rev. J. S. Showers asked the benediction. The anthem, "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," was sung by the choir, and Rev. C. E. Buckner led in prayer. Rev. C. E. Wagner pronounced the benediction and the postlude was played by the orchestra.

Dr. Acheson's subject was "The Battle of Life." He described the battle that goes on in every soul where good and evil are struggling for supremacy. He pointed out that everyone should have an ideal and that this ideal should be Jesus Christ, declaring that believing in an ideal causes a person to be like it himself. Giving an example of this, he told the story of Hawthorne's allegory, "The Great Stone Face."

The graduates met at the high school at 7:15 and marched to the theatre where the concert began at 8 o'clock. Children from grade 1 to the high school will participate. Tuesday evening the class play, "The Letters of the World," will be staged at the Colonial Theatre.

The program of the song festival follows:

Song of Welcome..... Fischer
Song of West Side Church.....
Colonial Dance.....
.....Grades 1 and 2, Second Ward
A-The Blacksmith, B-Buttercup, C-The Violet, D-Johnny-Jump-Up, E-The Little Bird
.....Grades 1 and 2, West Side and Second Ward
Indian Song Sweet.....
Boys Chorus, Second and Third Wards
Voices of the.....Rubenstein
South Side Church
Sleeping Beauty.....
.....Grades 1 and 2, South Side
A-After the Rain.....Pinsitt
A-Rose Song.....Parker
Lullaby.....Chadwick
Girls Chorus, Second and Third Wards
Indian Dance.....
.....Grades 1 and 2, South Side
Song of the Strangers.....Porman
Fourth Ward Chorus
A-When Life is Brightest.....Pinsitt
A-Ave Maria.....Abbs
High School Chorus
A-Go to Sleep, Dolly.....Gaynor
B-Go to Sleep, Dolly.....Gaynor
Grades 1 and 2, Fourth Ward

A GREAT PICNIC

Local Men Will Participate in Big
Goodyear Outing at Akron.

Thomas Courtney and Mac McCoy, who are home from Akron, O., to spend Memorial Day, report that the Goodyear Tire Company, for whom they work, will have one of the largest picnics ever held in that section, on Saturday, June 19. The Akron Press and Telegram Day, report that the picnic will be carried to Sandusky in 12 sections of nine cars each, while nearly all of the other traffic on the Sandusky division of the Baltimore & Ohio will be suspended. Between 6,000 and 8,000 people will be carried and the transportation involves such problems that general passenger agent at Cleveland has taken personal charge.

Pigeons Released Here.

About 50 racing pigeons arrived here this morning from Ballston, Va., and were released for a return flight to Ballston about 10 o'clock. The birds were sent by Harry Fairbanks, of Ballston, to George R. Zimmerman, express agent for the Wells-Fargo Company.

Preaches to Graduates.

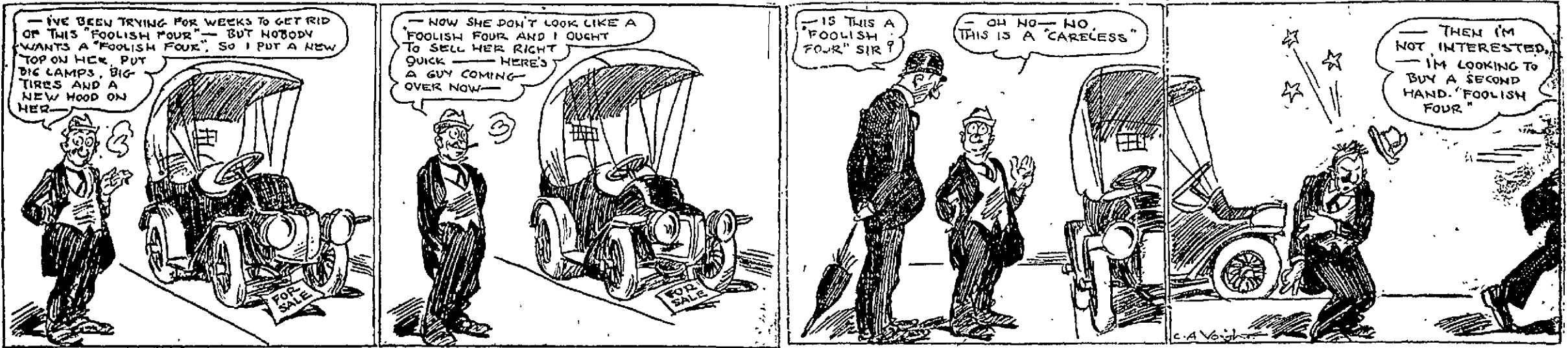
Rev. Wilbur Nelson, pastor of the First Baptist Church, delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the Mount Pleasant Institute, in the Baptist Church at Mount Pleasant, evening.

Will Meet Afternoon.

The Danbar Township High School team will cross bats with the Alverton team at Lefferting this afternoon. On Saturday afternoon Greensburg, which school will play D. H. S. at Lefferting.

PETEY—And He Felt So Faint He Couldn't Tell the Man the Truth

By C. A. Voight.



GERMANY'S NEW MOST DEADLY

"Submersible Cruiser" With Powerful Engines and High Speed Can't Be Sunk by Ramming.

SUBMARINE IS CRAFT IN WORLD

By Magnifying Periscope She Sees Far Away and Deals Deathblow at Ease.

WRITING on the new German submarine, a noted naval expert gives a remarkable description of the amazing craft, the existence of which has, it is thought, made possible the recent daring adventures of the Kaiser's warships in the North sea.

Since the outbreak of hostilities, he writes, Germany has launched and fitted out at least nineteen of what can only be termed submersible cruisers or submarines, one at least of which is fitted with engines of nearly 7,000 horsepower. These vessels are of from 800 to 1,000 tons displacement, their length is from 212 feet to 230 feet, and they have a beam of twenty feet.

Of this class of vessel is the U-31, which captured the Dutch vessel Batavier.

It has been remarked regarding that submersible in particular that her very size exposes her suddenly to danger in the narrow seas, and the opinion has been voiced that she might ultimately fall a victim to a destroyer that could easily have been evaded by a smaller and more easily handled craft.

Has Speed of Twenty-four Knots. It is not clearly shown why this should be the case, and against the assumption it may be mentioned that the boats Germany possessed before the outbreak of hostilities had a surface speed of only fourteen to sixteen knots and a submerged speed of ten knots. The new type has a surface speed of from twenty to twenty-four knots and an underwater speed of at least twelve knots.

They are also fitted with engines which can be reversed from full speed ahead to full speed astern in ten seconds. It would seem, therefore, that such vessels would be more likely to escape from a destroyer attack than one of the older craft.

It may be mentioned here that these new submarines are armed with four tubes, two forward and two aft, firing sixteen and one-half inch torpedoes with war heads charged with trinitrotoluol. In addition, they are fitted with machine guns and two or three pounders. These are mounted on disappearing carriages, which are automatically drawn below the surface of the deck as soon as the pumps are set to work to submerge the vessel.

Krupps Produce New Engine. Krupp's worked principally on a two stroke engine, in which, as there is no scavenging stroke as is called, the scavenging or cleansing of the cylinder from the burnt gases is effected by a separate compressor and a system of valves in the cylinder head. The design of the engine is quite away from usual lines. Three working cylinders are fitted at each side of the high pressure compressor, and two double acting pumps for scavenging are placed at the extreme end of the bed.

The M. A. N. firm also is elaborating a two stroke Diesel engine at Nürnberg, and several of the German submarine are believed to be fitted with engines turned out from these works. The engines are of the eight cylinder 4,000 horsepower type, and two engines are fitted in each boat. But it is not only in speed and also that developments have been made. The night of the submarine has been greatly improved. The modern periscope is fitted with a compass by means of which it is possible for a helmsman to steer to fractions of a degree instead of as hitherto to quarter points only. By this the accuracy with which a torpedo can be fired is greatly enhanced.

Can Aim While Submerged.

In the newest boats it is possible to obtain the bearings of an enemy ship from a distance of some miles away and set a course which, without its being necessary to use the periscope again, will bring the boat to a point from which a torpedo may be fired with absolute certainty of its hitting the mark.

The earlier forms of periscopes were frail and leaky and a constant source of trouble. The new type are not only robust, but the glasses have no tendency to become cloudy, and, no matter in what position the object viewed may be, the image thrown is always erect and not at times inverted, as in the older instruments. The bearing of the object viewed is indicated by a movable pointer on a fixed dial.

The new pattern of periscope is also so arranged that if desired a magnifying glass can be brought into operation whereby a vessel invisible to the naked eye can be seen and its exact position calculated with mathematical precision. Once this has been worked out the submarine can be submerged and her periscope drawn in and an underwater course pursued until the exact position at which the torpedo should be fired is arrived at.

In all modern vessels the firing can be done from the periscope—i. e., the officer who is watching the periscope and the telltale when they are in use can himself fire the torpedoes without leaving his post.

Unique Signaling Apparatus. Signaling is done on a submarine in the same way as on a surface ship, but when the vessel is submerged it is carried out by messages sent by a modified form of submarine bell, the vibrations of which are picked up by microphone. Submarines are exceptionally noisy when submerged, and in order that messages may be sent or received correctly the operator sits in a soundproof compartment.

A submarine of the new German type, if manned by a merchantman or even a war vessel, may quite easily be unharmed. Indeed, it is a most difficult thing to sink a submersible cruiser by ramming.

These vessels are fitted with double hulls, the outer hull being comparatively thin, while the inner hull is stout, as it has to withstand the full hydrostatic pressure. The space between these hulls is subdivided by numerous bulkheads, and, while some of the spaces are water tanks for sinking purposes, others the heavy fuel oil used in the engines is stored.

Any two of these spaces—in some boats more than two—could be flooded without the rising powers of the boat being impaired.

Consequently should a merchantman ram a submersible of the latest type and report that a film of oil rose to the surface the great probability is that all that has been done has been to pierce the outer skin of the submarine and allow the contents of one of her fuel tanks to escape.

SWORE TO SAVE FLAGS.

Austrians Tore Them in Shreds and Hid Pieces in Clothes.

A remarkable feature of the surrender of Permyl was that not a single Austrian flag was captured. The secret of their disappearance was disclosed by the confessions of prisoners. They said that the night before the surrender all the flags were torn into strips. These strips were numbered and distributed among individuals, who hid them in the linings of their coats and caps. They were required to take an oath to restore them upon their release from captivity, so that the flag might be reconstructed, thus giving to its recipient the right to a further corporate existence. A search of the prisoners revealed many of the hidden fragments.

WORKS FOR WOMEN'S UPLIFT

Mrs. Brock Believes Unanimity of Action Greatest Force For Good. "Political partisanship means a loss of woman's real power." These are Mrs. Brock's own words and explain why she now heads the state's organized forces against "Votes For Women."

For many years she has worked



MRS. HORACE BROCK, President of the Pennsylvania Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

with women in uplift and educational work as president of the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women, as chairman of the women's department of the National Civic Federation, an charter member of the Civic Club of Philadelphia and the National Needlework Guild.

Her purse ever open to charitable and civic enterprises, the best years of her life spent to make life better for those who follow after, no one knows better than she the good women can do the world when they are united; no one knows better than she what a loss the world would sustain were they to divide into warring groups and factions, impatient of being about the moral and educational measures they now desire merely because they seek that which would deprive them of the mighty power which unanimity of purpose and concerted action alone can give.

BLIND POSSESS SIXTH SENSE.

Children Demonstrate How They "Feel" Location of Things.

Blind children from Buffalo and New York, the oldest about fourteen years old, under the direction of Dr. P. Park Lewis, at the meeting of the State Medical society at Buffalo, N. Y., gave a demonstration of a so-called sixth sense.

A boy, placed 150 feet from a target, was equipped with a rod. In twenty minutes he determined the location of the target, walked to it and touched it with the rod. The experiment was repeated by other children.

Dr. Lewis believes the children sense the objects through their facial skin. The children themselves said that they "felt" the targets.

DRIEST SPRING IN 40 YEARS.

Crops in East Suffer From Lack of Rain, Says Weather Man.

This has been the longest early spring drought in more than forty years in eastern sections of the country, the national weekly weather bulletin says.

Cotton and truck crops in the eastern part of the south are suffering for lack of rain, but in the great wheat and corn sections of the middle west the weather has been unusually favorable. In the far western states the outlook for fruits is promising.

Immediately after the recent election in Chicago, where women voted, an ordinance was passed permitting dance halls and clubs frequented by adolescent boys and girls, to sell liquor for two hours after the saloons are required to close. Chicago has over 7000 saloons, which remain open all day Sunday, in defiance of a state law to the contrary, and in spite of women's votes. Chicago leads the municipalities of the world in the number of crimes, divorces and wife desertions.

CHAT ON SUFFRAGE

WITH AVERAGE MAN

The following is the first installment of a series of articles by Florence Goff Schwarz, State manager of the Pennsylvania Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

By Florence Goff Schwarz. How do you do, Mr. Average Man, you're just the person I've been wanting to meet. Take that easy chair and let's have a real heart to heart talk on this "votes for women" question. It is a puzzling question to you, isn't it? and you don't know just how to answer it; maybe I can help you. You may smoke if you wish. A man is never more receptive than when he's being considered, which isn't often in these days—goodness knows—with masculine stock marked zero and feminine stock soaring sky high.

You belong to a pretty good sex at that, even though some women do call you "oppressor, brute and rascal." I take it you're a married man; well then you've kept a roof over one woman's head; you've given her your pay envelope unopened and she has handed you back nothing but sex hygiene or white slavery, but when anything violated their morality they didn't cry "evolve"; they thundered "STOP!"

"Suffragettes claim they represent progress and evolution," you say. "Better light your pipe again, for I'm going to take you a long journey, all the way from Pennsylvania to the Garden of Eden, some distance, isn't it? but that's where you'll find the first suffragette. Her name was Eve. She wasn't a parachute—she was only one rib, but she worked a lot of mischief. The serpent, which the Bible says was more subtle than any beast, proved his craftiness when he approached her instead of Adam; he played both upon her curiosity and her ambition. 'Eat of the tree of Wisdom and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.'"

Where was Adam when the serpent came around? Eve was given into his keeping, and he should have protected her, saved her from herself, from temptation and the germ of feminine unrest and curiosity.

We know not where Adam was, but at any rate he ambled up in time to get the core of the apple—I say "core" advisedly. When Eve handed it to him why didn't he obey God's order? He knew he was doing wrong, but he loved the woman and of course was chivalrous. Just because she asked him, probably preached to him from a tree (there were no soap boxes in those days) he ate it most likely, seeds and all, and—lost Eden.

There you have it in a nutshell, Mr. Average Man. The Eden scene is being re-enacted today; the stage setting is up to date, but the characters and instincts are as old as creation. The apple of political knowledge has been bitten into by some of Eve's daughters; God and man has given her everything else, yet she is not satisfied. But YOU, Mr. Average Man, are not the same position as Adam. He was alone with Eve the temptress, and the serpent; it was two to one. The apple of discord is proffered you by 2.7 of the women of America, while at your back stands a little less than 8-10ths who refuse to surrender the Eden of feminine exemption to the ballot, who stick to the home like a tack to a steel magnet, who feel the sublime importance of motherhood and who still retain their faith in the ability of mankind to manage the nation, using their conclusions on precedent and facts rather than on promises and theories. Think it over, Mr. Average Man. DON'T BE ANOTHER ADAM; this progressive age has produced a type of feminist "whose grievance is satiety of one; freedom her pain and plenty her disease."

Now that we've traveled back to the present age, with its dangers and its discords, let me give you a few more words of warning. Don't drape your masculinity in a skirt; don't permit yourself to be tied to the apron strings of feminine rulers. Shall the old time manhood be slaughtered to make a suffrage holiday?

Throw your hat in the ring, Mr. Average Man; assert your divine prerogatives. Let the world know you can manage your end of its E. Afris, and without feminine assistance. Revive the days when knight-hood was in flower. Regain your lost prestige. Don't be afraid of a handful of women who are trying to take

The fact of the matter is that a lot of women want to mother the nation because they've grown the idea of mothering anything else.

Do you think Illinois would be clamoring for Billy Sunday if every woman in that state was on her knees and on her job instead of in the political game? How about Colorado, where they had to send across the continent to Boston for an evangelist to help purify the state? Twenty-two years of politics had made mothers too busy to think about preparing souls for heaven. It wasn't that way with your mother and mine, Mr. Average Man. Yet the suffragettes call them parasites—sounds like a bug, doesn't it? Any way, I'd rather be a parasite than a PARACHUTE! God made the first woman from a rib, but some of her daughters have spread amazingly; they've added several more ribs and a silk cover and a handle, and they now think they've got the only key to the combination which will open the door of evil and law it out of the country.

What made this nation what it is today, Mr. Average Man? Team work; our forefathers specialized on their share and our foremothers spiritualized on theirs and neither got out of the running track. For many years they had nothing to go by but the ten commandments and the Golden Rule. They knew nothing of sex hygiene or white slavery, but when anything violated their morality they didn't cry "evolve"; they thundered "STOP!"

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WE LOAN MONEY

To any honest person having steady work, on furniture, Pianos, Real Estate, Live Stock, or U. S. Steel Stock. Repaid in easy installments. Salary loans also made to single men with steady work.

FAYETTE BROKERAGE COMPANY, Room 207, Title & Trust Building, Connellsville, Pa.

It from you. Tear off the yellow scuffs of those you have sworn to protect, by your life if necessary, from their own follies it needs be. Turn back your coat lapel and show your badge of a national officer, with the stamp upon it which your forefathers wrote in letters of blood. Compel these modern Eves to return to the noble, spiritual and educational task of mothering before a crop of modern Calms shall arise to reproach them.

Your pipe has gone out, Mr. Average Man, but a light dawns in your eyes which sets my heart aglow. Thank heaven, America still breeds men.

(To Be Continued.)

HOW DEAR TO MY HEART ARE THE DAYS OF MY CHILDHOOD

All Due Apologies to the Author. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood; I think of them now with the keenest regret.

How peaceful I roamed either city or Without being heckled by one Suffragette.

But now there are throngs of these women on corners, Haranguing and nagging at each passer by.

An army of feminine greedy Jack Horner's All sticking their thumbs in political pie.

How dear unto me is my sensible mother. Although some would say she is docile and tame, I greatly prize her calm poise to that other, The noisy omnipotent vote-seeking dame.

—Florence Goff Schwarz.

INVENTIONS WE NEED.

Plenty of Opportunities For Would Be and Could Be Edisons.

The world is full of would be Edisons, and the point we want to bring out is that quite a lot of them are could be Edisons.

A man invented the stocking frame for weaving silk stockings. He got the idea while he sat watching his wife work. But surely he wasn't the first man who sat and watched his wife work.

There is a huge fortune for the man who can commercialize weeds. The raw material is inexhaustible, for it renews itself automatically every year. It might pay a reader in the paper making trade to follow up this idea.

Then we want a patent that will last as long as the material upon which it is placed and an iron that won't rust. We want something that will counteract the wearing effect of the atmosphere. It's going to be invented some day, and it may as well be done now, and you who read this may as well be the person to do it.

In some remote corner of the earth today a could be Edison may be experimenting with the possibilities of cities on the sea. There are millions of square miles of water that are more or less wasted, and sooner or later, as the land area of the earth becomes crowded, people will inevitably take to cities on the sea.

Above all, keep your eyes on Nature, who is continually making inventions which she never protects with patents. —Stray Stories.

OLD HORSE SHOWS DEVOTION

Leaps Fence and Treads Eighteen Miles to Follow Master's Funeral.

A horse named Babe, which was driven for a dozen years by Andrew Robinson, a grocer at Lacrosse, Wis., in the days before he became prosperous, had been sent by Mr. Robinson as he lay ill to Irish Coulee, eighteen miles away.

Babe leaped the fence and appeared back home just in time to follow the hearse at her old master's funeral, without even a halter on her neck.



JUNE BRIDES

are especially invited to open savings accounts with this old, reliable bank.

A little put away regularly at the very outset of married life saves a lot of worry—provides for emergencies—contributes to lasting happiness.

LIBERAL INTEREST. \$1 OPENS AN ACCOUNT.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

The Bank That Does Things For You. 320 W. Main St., Connellsville.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent.

Your Estate Has the Advantages

Appoint the Title & Trust Company of Western Pennsylvania as your Executor and your estate will have the utmost care and attention.

Our permanency, responsibility and legal experience are important advantages to consider.

We also act as Trustee, Administrator or Guardian.

SUBMERGED SUBMARINES.

Signs by Which They May Be Located From an Aeroplane.

In answer to a correspondent who asks to what extent a man in an aeroplane can watch the movements of a submerged submarine boat the Scientific American replies:

"We have considered a naval aeroplane expert on the visibility of submarines from an aeroplane. He states that if the surface of the water is smooth and the water is fairly clear a submarine can ordinarily be observed visually from an aeroplane at any depth the submarine is likely to travel, which is usually not over 100 feet. Experiments have been made at Guantanamo, Cuba, and Annapolis, Md., and in the latter case the submarines were able to avoid observation at first by sinking to a muddy bottom. But the aviators soon learned to pick them out by some sign, such, for example, as escape of air bubbles."

In another article on the subject the Scientific American says that when the sea is rough it is much more difficult to discern a submarine. The captain of a warship can watch the course of a submarine by the bubbles it sends to the surface when the sea is smooth, but these bubbles are scarcely discernible when the sea is choppy. The disturbed surface inevitably makes it more difficult for an observer in an aeroplane to see what is going on below.

The FORESTERS DAUGHTER



A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE
By HAMLIN GARLAND

Copyright, 1914, by Hamlin Garland

Berea's popularity was not so remarkable as her manner of receiving it. She took it all as a sort of joke—a good, kindly joke. She shook hands with her male admirers and snatched the cheeks of her female friends with an air of modest deprecation. "Oh, you don't mean it," was one of her phrases. She enjoyed this display of affection, but it seemed not to touch her deeply, and her impatient, humorous acceptance of the courtship of the men was equally charming. Though this was due, according to remark, to the claims of some rancher up the line.

She continued to be the theme of conversation at the dinner table and yet remained unobtrusive and gave back quite as good as she received. "If I was Clint," declared one lanky admirer, "I'd be shot if I let you out of my sight. It ain't safe."

She smiled broadly. "I don't feel scared." "Oh, you're all right! It's the other fellow—the one that gets hurt!" "The northbound coach got away first, and as the girl came out to take her place Norcross said, 'Won't you have my seat with the driver?'"

She dropped her voice humorously. "No, thank you. I can't stand for Bill's creak." Norcross understood. She didn't relish the notion of being so close to the frankly nervous driver, who neglected no opportunity to be personal. Therefore he helped her to her seat inside and resumed his place in front. Bill, now broadly communicative, minutely detailed his tastes in food, horses, liquors and saddles in a monologue which would have been tedious to any one but an imaginative young student. Bill had a vast knowledge of the west, but a distressing habit of repetition.

In this informal way some ten miles were traversed, the road climbing over higher and the mountains to right and left increasing in grandeur each hour. At a sudden and in a deep valley on the bank of another swift stream they came upon a rugged station and a minute postoffice. This was the town of Moscow.

Bill, lumbering down over the wheel, took a bag of mail from the boot and dragged it into the cabin. The girl rose, stretched herself and said: "This stage is slow business. I'm cramped. I'm going to walk on ahead."

"May I go with you?" asked Norcross. "Sure thing! Come along."

As they crossed the little pole bridge which spanned the flood the tourist exclaimed: "What exquisite water! It's like melted milk!" "Comes right down from the snow," she answered, impressed by the poetry of his simile.

He would gladly have lingered, listening to the song of the water, but as she passed on he followed. "The opposite hill was sharp and the road steep, but as they reached the top the young easterner called out, 'See the ravine!'"

Before them stood a grove of cedars, old, gray and dwarfed, as weirdly impressive as the cacti in a Mexican desert. Torn by winds, scarred by lightning, deeply rooted, tenacious as tradition, solemnly as Egyptian mummies, fantastic, gnarled and blackened, these unaccountable creatures clung to the ledges. "What do you suppose planted those trees there?"

The girl was deeply impressed by the novelty of this query. "I never thought to ask. I reckon they just grew."

"No, there's a reason for all these plantings," he insisted. "We don't worry ourselves much about such things out here," she replied, with charming humor. "We don't even worry about the weather. We just take things as they come."

They walked on talking with new intimacy. "Where is your home?" he asked. "A few miles out of Bear Tooth. You are from the east, Bill says—the far east," she called it.

"From New Haven. I've just finished at Yale. Have you ever been in a city?"

"Oh, yes! I go to Denver once in awhile, and I saw St. Louis once, but I was only a yearling and don't remember much about it. What are you doing out here. It's a fair question?"

He looked away at the mountains. "I got rather used up last spring, and my doctor said I'd better come out here for awhile and build up. I'm going up to Meeker's mill. Do you know where that is?"

This fact seemed to bring them still closer together. "I'm glad of that," he said pointedly. "Perhaps I shall be permitted to see you now and again? I'm going to be lonesome for awhile, I'm afraid."

"Don't you believe it! Joe Meeker's boys will keep you interested," she assured him.

The stage overtook them at this point and Bill hurriedly remarked, "If you'd been alone, young fellow, I'd give you a chase." His resentment of the outsider's growing favor with the girl was ludicrously evident.

As they rose into the higher levels the aspen shook its yellowish leaves in the breeze and the purple foothills galled in majesty. Great new peaks came into view on the right, and the lofty cliffs of the Bear Tooth range loomed in naked grandeur high above the blue green of the places which clothed their sloping eastern sides.

At intervals the road passed small log ranches crunched low on the banks of creeks, but aside from these—and the sparse animal life around them—no sign of settlement could be seen. The valley lay as it had lain for thousands of years, repeating its forests in the windows of the lower levels and forth their annual graves. Norcross said to himself, "I have crested the peak of progress and have reentered the border America, where the stagecoach is still the one stirring thing beneath the sun."

At last the driver, with a note of exaltation, called out, "Grab a root, everybody! It's all the way down hill and time to feed!"

And so as the dusk came over the mighty spread of the hills to the east and the peaks to the west darkened from violet to purple black the stage rumbled and rattled and rushed down the winding road through thickening silens of civilization and just at nightfall rolled into the little town of Bear Tooth, which is the eastern gateway of the Ute plateau.

Norcross had given a great deal of thought to the young girl behind him, and thought had deepened her charm. Her frankness, her humor, her superb physical strength and her calm self-reliance appealed to him, and the more dangerously because he was so well aware of his own weakness and loneliness.

He felt the stage drop up before the hotel he forcibly said, "I hope I shall see you again."

CHAPTER II
"This is our ranch."

BEFORE Beren could reply a man's voice called, "Hello, there!" and she exclaimed, "What exquisite water! It's like melted milk!"

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"Oh, yes! I go to Denver once in awhile, and I saw St. Louis once, but I was only a yearling and don't remember much about it. What are you doing out here. It's a fair question?"

He looked away at the mountains. "I got rather used up last spring, and my doctor said I'd better come out here for awhile and build up. I'm going up to Meeker's mill. Do you know where that is?"

"I know every store in this park," she answered. "Joe Meeker is kind of related to me—uncle by marriage. He lives about fifteen miles over the hill from Bear Tooth."

the aspiring peaks from which it came. Romance brooded in that shadow, and on the lower foothills the frost touched foliage glowed like a mosaic of jewels.

Dressing hurriedly he went down to the small barroom, whose litter of duffel bags, guns, saddles and camp utensils gave evidence of the presence of many hunters and fishermen. The slowly lumbering was pouring over a newspaper, while a discouraged half grown youth was slugging the floor with a mop. But a cheerful clatter from an open door at the back of the hall told that breakfast was on.

Venturing over the threshold, Norcross found himself seated at table with some five or six men in corduroy jackets and leath boots, who were, in fact, merchants and professional men from Denver and Pueblo out for fish and such game as the law allowed, and all in holiday mood. They joked the waiter who had just poured one another in noisy good fellowship, ignoring the slim youth in English riding suit, who came in with an air of mingled melancholy and timidity and took a seat at the lower corner of the long table.

As he looked about the room the tourist's eye was attracted by four young fellows seated at a small table to his right. They wore rough shirts of an olive-green shade and their faces were well scorched, but their voices held a pleasant tone, and something in the manner of the landlady toward them made them noticeable. Norcross later asked her who they were.

"They're forestry boys."

"Forestry boys?"

"Yes. The supervisor's office is here, and these boys are his help."

This information added to Norcross's interest and cheered him a little. He knew something of the United States forest service and had been told that many of the rangers were college men. He resolved to make their acquaintance.

"If I'm in the way, I'll be glad to help me endure the exile," he said.

After breakfast he went forth to find the postoffice, expecting a letter of instructions from Meeker. He found nothing of the sort, and this quite disconcerted him.

"The stage is gone," the postmistress told him, "and you can't get up till day after tomorrow. You might reach Meeker by using the government phone, however."

"Where will I find the government phone?"

"Down in the supervisor's office. They're very accommodating. They'll let you use it if you tell them who you want to reach."

It was impossible to miss the forestry building for the reason that a handsome sign fluttered above it. The door being open, Norcross perceived from the threshold a young clerk at work on a typewriter, while in a corner close by the window another and older man was working intently on a map.

"This is the office of the forest supervisor," asked the youth.

The man at the machine looked up and pleasantly answered: "It is, but the supervisor is not in yet. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"It may be you can. I am on my way to Meeker's mill for a little outfit. Perhaps you could tell me where Meeker's mill is and how I can best get there?"

The man at the map meditated. "It's not far, some eighteen or twenty miles, but it's over a pretty rough trail."

"What kind of a place is it?"

"Very charming. You'll like it. Real mountain country."

This officer was a plain featured man of about thirty-five, with keen and clear eyes. His voice, though strongly nasal, possessed a note of sincere sincerity. As he studied his visitor he smiled.

"You look brand new. Haven't had time to season cheek, have you?"

"No. I'm a stranger in a strange land."

"Out for your health?"

"Yes. My name is Norcross. I'm just getting over a severe illness, and I'm up here to lay around and rest and recuperate—if I can."

"You can't go with you. You can't help it," the other man said. "You're one of our surveying crews for a week and I'll mellow that suit of yours and make a real mountaineer of you. I see you wear a Sigma Chi pin. What was your school?"

"I am a 'Son of BU.' Last year's class."

daughter to McFarlane. She knows more about forestry than her father. In fact, half the time he depends on her judgment.

Norcross was interested, but did not want to take up valuable time. He said, "Will you let me use your telephone to Meeker's?"

"Very sorry, but our line is out of order. You'll have to wait a day or so, or use the mule. You're too late for today's stage, but it's only a short ride across."

As they were talking a girl came galloping up to the hitching post and slid from her horse. It was Beren McFarlane. "Good morning, liberty," she called to the surveyor. "Good morning," she nodded at Norcross. "How do you find yourself this morning?"

"Home-sick," he replied smilingly. "Why not?"

"I'm disappointed in the town." Beren looked round at the forlorn shops, the irregular sidewalks, the

telephone station—to get a letter or message from Meeker. He found neither. But as he was standing in the door undecided about taking the stage Beren came into town riding a fine bay pony and leading a black faced buckskin behind her.

Her face shone cordially as she called out, "Well, how do you stack up this morning?"

"Tip-top," he answered, in an attempt to match her cheery greeting.

"Do you like our town better?"

"Not a bit! But the hills are magnificent."

"Anybody turned up from the mill?"

"No, I haven't heard a word from there. The telephone is still out of commission."

"They can't locate the break. Uncle Joe sent word by the stage driver asking us to keep an eye out for you and send you over. I've come to take you over myself."

"That's mighty good of you, but it's a good deal to ask."

"I want to see Uncle Joe on business, anyhow, and you'll like the ride better than the journey by stage."

Leaving the horses standing with their bridles hanging on the ground, she led the way to the office. "When father comes in to tell him where I've gone and send Mr. Norcross packs by the first wagon," said Beren. "Old Paintface there is little notion."

Norcross approached his mount with a caution which indicated that he had at least been instructed in range horse psychology, and as he ranged his reins together to mount, Beren remarked:

"I hope you're saddle wise."

"I had a few lessons in a riding school," he replied modestly.

Young Downing approached the girl with a low voiced protest. "You oughtn't to ride old Paint. He nearly pitched the supervisor the other day."

"I'm not worried," she said and swung to her saddle.

The ugly beast made off in a tearing sideways rush, but she smilingly called back, "All set." And Norcross followed her in high admiration.

Eventually she brought her broncho to a halt, and they trotted off together along the wagon road quite comfortably. By this time the youth had forgotten his depression, his homesickness of the morning. The valley was again enchanted ground.

After shaking along between some rather heavy fields of grain for a mile or two Beren swung into a side trail. "I want you to meet my mother," she said.

The grassy road led to a long, one-story, half log, half slab house which stood on the bank of a small, swift, willow bordered stream.

"This is our ranch," she explained. "All the meadow in sight belongs to us."

The young easterner looked about in astonishment. Not a acre bigger than his thumb gave shade. The gate of the cattle corral stood but a few feet from the kitchen door, and rusty beef bones, bleaching skulls and scraps of sun dried hides littered the ground or hung upon the fence. Externally the low cabin made a drab, depressing picture, but as he alighted, upon Beren's invitation, and entered the house he was met by a sweet faced, brown haired little woman, in a neat gown, whose bearing was not in the least awkward or embarrassed.

"This is Mr. Norcross, the tourist I told you about," explained Beren.

Mrs. McFarlane extended her small hand with friendly impulse. "I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Are you going to spend some time at the mill?"

"I don't know. I have a letter to Mr. Meeker from a friend of mine who hunted with him last year—a Mr. Sutter."

"Mr. Sutter! Oh, we know him very well. Won't you sit down?"

The interior of the house was not only well kept, but presented many evidences of refinement. A mechanical piano stood against the log wall, and books and magazines, dog eared with use, littered the table, and Norcross, feeling the force of Nash's half expressed criticism of his "superior," listened intently to Mrs. McFarlane's apologies for the condition of the farmyard.

"Well," said Beren sharply, "if we're to reach Uncle Joe's for dinner we'd better be scratching the hills." And to her mother she added, "I'll pull in about dark."

The mother offered no objection to her daughter's plan, and the young people rode off together directly toward the high peaks to the east.

CHAPTER III
A Forester's Secret.

THE trail, flanked more than a week ago by a crowd of wild and lonely men who climbed. Cattle fed on the hill-sides in scattered bands like elk. Here and there a small cabin stood on the bank of a stream, but for the most part the trail mounted the high slopes in perfect solitude.

The girl talked easily and leisurely, reading the brands of the ranchers, reviewing the number of cattle they owned, quite as a young farmer would have done. She seemed not to be embarrassed in the slightest degree by the fact that she was guiding a stranger man over a lonely road and gave no outward sign of special interest in him.

She suddenly turned to ask, "What kind of a sileker I mean a raincoat—did you bring?"

"I haven't brought one. I don't believe I lost it," she said. "I've a leather shooting jacket, however."

She shrugged her shoulders and looked up at the sky. "We're in for a storm. You'd better have a sileker, no fancy raincoat, but a real old fashioned row puncher's oilskin. They make a business of shelling 'em."

She rode on for a few minutes in silence, as if disgusted with his folly,

Introductory Sale

Last Week! Last Week!

This week will bring to a conclusion our Introductory Sale, when we shall include after Decoration Day Specials on our display counters.

Bazaar Dept. Store

Pittsburg St., Connellsville, Pa.

FLAG COUPON

The Daily Courier.

Present this Coupon and 98 Cents and receive a \$2.50 Flag. Size 3x8 Feet, clamp dyed, containing 48 stars.

but she was really worrying about him. "Poor chap!" she said to herself. "He can't stand a chill. I ought to have thought of his slicker myself. He's helpless as a baby."

They were climbing fast now, winding upward along the bank of a stream, and the sky had grown suddenly gray, and the woodland paths were dark and chill. The mountains were not less beautiful, but they were decidedly less amiable, and the youth shivered, casting an apprehensive eye at the thickening clouds.

Beren perceived something of his dismay and, drawing rein, dismounted. Behind her saddle was a tightly rolled bundle which, being untied and shaken out, proved to be a horseman's rain-proof oilskin coat. "Put this on!" she commanded.

"Oh, no!" he protested. "I can't take your coat."

"Yes you can! You must! Don't you worry about me. I'm used to weather. Put this on over your jacket and all. You'll need it. Rain won't hurt me, but it will just about finish you."

The worst of this lay in its truth, and Norcross lost all his pride of sex for the moment. A wetting would not ruin this girl's splendid color nor reduce her vitality one degree, while to him it might be a death warrant.

"You could throw me over my own horse," he admitted in a kind of bitter admiration and slipped the coat on, shivering with cold as he did so.

"You think me a poor excuse for a trafter, don't you?" she said ruefully as the thunder began to roll.

"You've got to be all made over new," she replied tolerantly. "Stay here a year and you'll be able to stand anything."

Remounting, she again led the way with cheery cry. The rain came dashing down in fitful, misty streams, but she merely pulled the rim of her sombrero closer over her eyes and rode steadily on, while he followed, plunged in gloom as cold and gray as the storm.

"These mountain showers don't last long," the girl called back, her face shining like a rose. "We'll get the sun in a few minutes."

And so it turned out. In less than an hour they rode into the warm light again, and in spite of himself Norcross returned her smile, though he said: "I feel like a selfish fool. You are soaked."

"I never take cold," she returned. "I'm used to all kinds of weather. Don't you bother about me."

Topping a low divide, the youth caught a glimpse of the range to the southeast, which took his breath. "Isn't that superb?" he exclaimed. "It's like the shining roof of the world!"

"Yes, that's the Continental divide," she confirmed casually, but the lyrical note which he struck again reached her heart. The men she knew had so few words for the beautiful in life.

She wondered whether this man's likeness had given him this refinement or whether it was native to his kind. "I'm glad he took my coat," was her thought.

She pushed on down the slope, riding hard, but it was nearly 2 o'clock when they drew up at Meeker's house, which was a long, low, stone structure built along the north side of the road.

The place was distinguished not merely by its masonry, but also by its plaster fence, which had once been whitewashed. From wagons of various degrees of decay stood by the gate, and in the barnyard plows and harrows—deeply buried by the weeds—were rusting forlornly away. A little farther up the stream the tall pile of a sawmill rose above the firs.

A pack of dogs of all sizes and signs came clamoring to the fence, followed,



"I don't feel right in leaving you here," she said at last.

by a big, slovenly dressed, red boarded man of sixty or thereabouts. "Hello, Uncle Joe!" called the girl in offhand boyish fashion. "How are you today?"

"Howdy, girl," answered Meeker gravely. "What brings you up here this time?"

She laughed. "Here's a boarder who wants to learn how to raise cattle." Meeker's face lightened. "I reckon you're Mr. Norcross? I'm glad to see you. Light off and make yourself to home. Turn your horses into the corral. The boys will feed 'em."

Without ceremony Meeker led his guests directly into the dining room, a long and rather narrow room, where in a woman and six or seven roughly dressed young men were sitting at a rudely appointed table.

"Earth and seas!" exclaimed Mrs. Meeker. "Here's Beren, and I'll bet that's Sutter's friend, our boarder."

"Hill along there, boys, and give the company a chance," she commanded sharply. "Our dinner's terrible late today."

The boys—they were in reality full grown cubs of eighteen or twenty—did as they were bid with much noise, chaffing Beren with blunt humor.

Meeker read Sutter's letter, which Norcross had handed him, and, after deliberation, remarked: "All right, we'll do the best we can for you, Mr. Norcross, but we haven't any fancy accommodations."

"I don't expect any," replied Beren. "What he needs is a little roughing it."

"There's plenty of that to be had," said one of the herdsmen, who sat below the salt. "It's the soft life I'm afraid."

One of the herdsmen, Frank Meeker, a dark, intense youth of about twenty, was Beren's first cousin. The others were merely hired hands, but they all eyed the new comer with distrust. The fact that Beren had brought him and that she seemed interested in him added to the effect of the smart riding suit which he wore. "I'd like to roll him in the creek," muttered one of them to his neighbor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

One Cent a Word. For classified advertising, try them.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS READY FOR FIGHT IN CITY TONIGHT

Fay Kelsor of Town and
Harry Grob of Garfield
Will Clash.

BUTTERMORE TO MEET MORRIS

Smithfield Suffer Expected to Make
Local Boy Keep Out Some in Prelimi-
nary; Terrell Duncanson Scheduled to
Meet Fighting Pookchop Harris.

Everything is ready for the scrap
between Fay Kelsor and Harry Grob
for the middleweight championship
tonight, before the West Side
Athletic Club. Grob arrived
in town from Pittsburgh today, and
Kelsor came back from Cumberland
on Saturday. Both are looking fit and
able to put up a rousing go.

The fans anticipate the best show
that has been pulled off here since
Jack Stevens undertook the discourag-
ing task of trying to make Connells-
ville a good boxing town. There have
been many good bouts here in the last
few months, the best of which was that
between Patry Brannigan of New
Castle and Eddie Wm. of Fair
Haven, but the Kelsor-Grob go is ex-
pected to be even better.

The preliminaries will be fast, too.
In the semi-final, Terrell Duncanson
of Uniontown is scheduled to meet Flit-
ting Pookchop Harris of Mount Pleas-
ant, and if the latter boy proves able
thing as good as Duncanson, there will be
something doing all the time.

Ted Buttermore of Connellsville, will
clash with Jake Harris of Smithfield,
middleweight champion of the United
States Navy. This should be a good
bout as it will give "Ted" an oppor-
tunity that will make him step out
some.

The bouts will be started at 9
o'clock promptly. William Turner
will be the referee.

The Pittsburgh Post says today: "The
Harry Grob and Fay Kelsor fight will
take place tonight at Connellsville and
if indications are to be relied on there
will be a large turnout to see the fun.
Both Kelsor and Grob have been doing
great work in the ring lately and
as they are both well matched in
every respect a rattling good fight
ought to result. Grob, his manager
and a score of his backers will leave
here on the 1:15 Baltimore & Ohio
train for the scene of the battle."

Baseball at a Glance

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Cincinnati 1; Pittsburgh 0.
Chicago 3; St. Louis 2.

*10 innings.

Standing of the Clubs.		
	W.	Per.
Chicago	22	.611
Philadelphia	19	.576
Boston	18	.511
St. Louis	18	.514
Brooklyn	17	.495
Pittsburgh	16	.482
Cincinnati	14	.418
New York	13	.387

TODAY'S SCHEDULE

MORNING AND AFTERNOON.
Chicago at Pittsburgh.
Brooklyn at New York.
Philadelphia at Boston.
Cincinnati at St. Louis.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Cleveland 2; Detroit 1.
St. Louis 2; Detroit 2.
Detroit 2; St. Louis 2.

*12 innings; 17 innings by agree-
ment.

Standing of the Clubs.		
	W.	Per.
Chicago	25	.628
Detroit	21	.519
New York	17	.425
Boston	15	.369
Washington	15	.369
Cleveland	15	.369
St. Louis	15	.369
Philadelphia	13	.321

TODAY'S SCHEDULE

MORNING AND AFTERNOON.
New York at Washington.
Boston at Philadelphia.
St. Louis at Cleveland.
Detroit at Chicago.

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Pittsburgh 1; St. Louis 0.
Kansas City 4; Chicago 3.
Chicago 1; Kansas City 0.

Standing of the Clubs.		
	W.	Per.
Pittsburgh	21	.805
Chicago	20	.769
Kansas City	20	.769
Newark	19	.731
Brooklyn	17	.654
St. Louis	16	.615
Baltimore	11	.423
Buffalo	10	.385

TODAY'S SCHEDULE

MORNING AND AFTERNOON.
Pittsburgh at St. Louis.
Kansas City at Chicago.
Baltimore at Buffalo.
Brooklyn at Newark.

Whooping Cough—A Safe and Reli- able Remedy.

"When my children had whooping
cough a few years ago the only medi-
cine I gave them was Chamberlain's
Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. D. O.
Verdon, Burrows, Ind. "It never failed
to relieve their coughing spells. It
kept their coughs loose. The children
liked it better than any other cough
medicine, and I know it is safe and
reliable." For sale by all dealers.
—Adv.

Mount Pleasant

Special to The Courier.
MOUNT PLEASANT, May 31.—Two
boys, 5 and 6 years old, giving their
names as Arthur White and Mike Hix-
son, gave the police no end of trouble.
Chief of Police Robert Smith and Po-
lice Officer John Nugent met the boys on
the street and they told a story as
they rolled down their cheeks that
they were from Pittsburgh and came
into town on a wagon and then the
man that brought them made them
get out. Their clothing was wet, hav-
ing been out in the rain all day. Officer
Nugent was left at the lookout to
comfort them as much as possible and
Chief Smith went out in an effort to
locate their parents. The story was
so pathetic and night was coming on
as a last resort an effort was made to
find them a place to stay at the hos-
pital all night. An appeal was made
to Miss Donet, the superintendent, and
she gave them their supper, a warm
bath and gave them a good clean bed
over night. Shortly after they were
installed at the hospital, a man giving
his name as John White, said he was
an uncle of the boys and that they
lived at the key and had not away.
After giving them the warm bath they
were afraid they would take cold if
taken from the hospital and were al-
lowed to remain until morning. Both
children officers are wondering why they
fell for the story of lost brothers and
the other preparations the boys told.
The local congregations were proud
of the two children yesterday
when a general exchange of pulpits
was made, unknown to the congrega-
tion who would preach. The follow-
ing pulpits assignments were in effect
yesterday morning: Church of God,
Rev. A. T. Kelso; The Union Presby-
terian, Rev. C. P. Sallady; Methodist
Episcopal, Rev. T. C. Harrier; Baptist,
Rev. H. L. Leatherman; United
Brethren, Rev. A. W. Burley; Reform-
ed, Rev. J. E. Hartman; Middle Pres-
byterian, Rev. J. L. Upham; Middle
Lutheran, Rev. J. L. Upham.

The memorial services were held in
the Grand Opera House yesterday af-
ternoon with the following program:
Selection, quartet composed of Messrs.
Burman, Burkholder, Weaver and
Duncan; prayer, Rev. C. P. Sallady;
scripture lesson, Rev. A. W. Burley;
selection, male quartet. An excellent
sermon was then delivered by Rev. T.
C. Harrier on "Waiting for the Good
Fruit." The audience then sang
"America" and after the benediction
the audience remained seated until
the organists played out.

Miss Ruth Runbaugh, of the in-
stitute, gave her senior recital Sat-
urday evening. She was assisted by
Miss Florence Welty. The recital was
very good and was greatly enjoyed
by all present.

The baccalaureate sermon to the
graduates of the institute was pre-
sented in the First Baptist Church last
evening by Rev. William Nelson of
Connellsville. There was some excel-
lent numbers on the program as
follows: duet, "In Heavenly Love
Abiding"; Miss Marion Dunham and
Monty DeVaux, "The Sun Shall Be No
More Thy Light by Day"; Miss Dun-
ham, Mr. DeVaux, Joseph Skerger
and Miss Minnie Treckey. The quartet
also sang "The Radiant Morn Has
Risen."

WESTERN MARYLAND'S CUT MAY BRING ON RATE WAR

Freight Tariff Baltimore to Chicago Is
Cut; Other Roads Are
Perplexed.

The rapidly with which the West-
ern Maryland is "coming back" under
its present active and aggressive man-
agement is the marvel of the railway
world. Phoenix-like, it has, argu-
tively speaking, risen from its ashes
and, directed by the constructive
genius of President C. H. Gray, has
virtually converted the \$2,500,000
debt with which it closed the last
fiscal year into a surplus during the
first 10 months of the current year.
And now it has executed yet another
coup that is expected to rebound
greatly to its advantage by announc-
ing a cut in the through travel rate
between Baltimore and Chicago, via
Pittsburg, of \$2 in the guise of a dif-
ferential against the Pennsylvania and
Baltimore & Ohio rates.

Yet, as a Baltimore & Ohio official
puts it, it would be unique in railroad
history for the short line to be ac-
cepted a differential against a longer
competitor and the Baltimore & Ohio
route via the Western Maryland and
Pittsburg & Lake Erie is shorter by
22 miles than that via the Baltimore
& Ohio, although longer than via the
Pennsylvania by 11 miles, the dis-
tances being, respectively, 302 miles,
340 and 292 miles and the standard
fare \$13, which the Western Maryland
has now cut to \$10, anticipating a con-
siderable access of travel in conse-
quence, all of which must come
through the Pittsburg gateway.

The action was unexpected by its
competitors, no application for a dif-
ferential rate having been made to the
Trunk Line Association, of which all
are members, hence it is accounted
simply an arbitrary rate-cut and rum-
ors of retaliatory measures to be tak-
en by the Pennsylvania and Balti-
more & Ohio that may precipitate an
old-fashioned rate war are rife al-
ready. Moreover, the action of the
Western Maryland is especially depre-
cated by other roads because of the
effect it will have upon the efforts now
being made to secure an increase in
travel rates. In justification of its
course, the Western Maryland cites
the fact that although its route is not
the longest it is a new road with op-
erating difficulties to contend with
which have been overcome long since
by its older competitors.

Advertising to the constantly improv-
ing financial showing the Western
Maryland is making, from figures just
at hand it is noteworthy that gross
earnings during April last past in-
creased \$108,834.93 over those for the
corresponding month of 1914, while
expenses were \$112,202.26 less, which
after deducting amount reserved for
taxes, left the gain in operating income
\$218,886.14 for the month. For the
10-month period of the current fiscal
year ended April 30 last, the gain in
revenue was only \$113,519.02, but due
to the monthly installment by Presi-
dent Gray a surplus of \$147,735.17
was affected during the same period,
making the gain in net revenue \$1,
301,251.13 and in operating income,
after deduction for taxes, \$1,260,331.13.

SOISSON THEATRE

"THE HOUSE OF LILIES"
TODAY

Special Attraction

"THE LUSITANIA"

Showing picture of ill-fated ship and celebrated passengers.

THE EIGHTH EPISODE OF THE FAMOUS SERIAL

"THE BLACK BOX"

PAULINE HUSH AND WILLIAM BOWLAN IN THE TWO REEL
DRAMA

"AN IDYLL OF THE HILLS"

THE EDUCATIONAL DRAMA AS SEEN BY HOMER GREY

"A BURIED CITY"

A WONDERFUL DRAMA

THE STERLING COMEDY

"POKES AND JABS"

TOMORROW

THE GREAT FIVE REEL POLICE DRAMA

"THE FRANK CASE"

Paramount Pictures

AT THE

COLONIAL THEATRE

DECORATION DAY

AFTERNOON 2 TILL 5. NIGHT 7 TILL 10:30

HOSWORTH (INC.) PRESENTS

ELSIE JANIS

IN

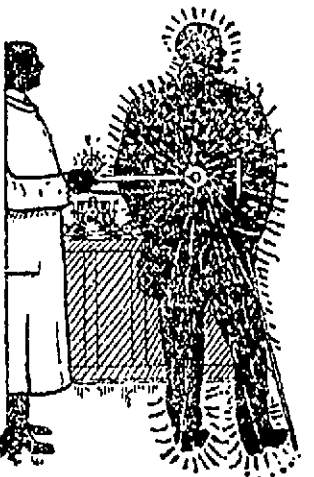
"The Caprices of Kitty"

A RAPID-FIRE COMEDY WRITTEN BY HERSELF WITH AN
ALL-STAR CAST.

A Picture You Have Been Waiting to See.

Saturday, "Sunshine Molly." Admission 5c and 10c.

Happy, Thankful People



Colonial Theatre

Thursday, June 3

Matinee and Night
2 and 3:45, 7 and 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Leslie Carter

In a film version of her
great success

"The Heart of Maryland"

In 8 reels of Motion
Pictures

Auspices of the
Ladies of the Grand
Army
of Connellsville

ADMISSION - 25 cents
No Reserved Seats.



Dr. A. L. Tucker

EYE SPECIALIST

104 South Pittsburg Street,
Connellsville, Pa.

Graduate of McCormick Medi-
cal College, Department of
Ophthalmology. Glasses fitted
to improve and conserve vision
and relieve nerve strain. Ac-
curate scientific service at rea-
sonable prices. Difficult cases
solicited.

104 South Pittsburg Street,
Weihe Building.

DR. TRUBY,

108 West Main Street,
Connellsville, Pa.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for
Chichester's Diamond Brand
Pills. Red and Gold wrapper.
Take as above. Buy of your
Druggist. Diamond Brand Pills, for 25
years successful treatment of
women's ailments.

WEAR Horner's Clothing

TRY OUR
CLASSIFIED ADVERTS.

1c A WORD.

\$Foundations\$ for Fortunes\$

Are right here in the advertising
columns of this paper.
If what you're selling has merit,
ADVERTISE IT.
An ad. will sell it for you.

Pays Best To
Buy It At Home

Wright-Metzler Co.

The Store With
The New Styles First

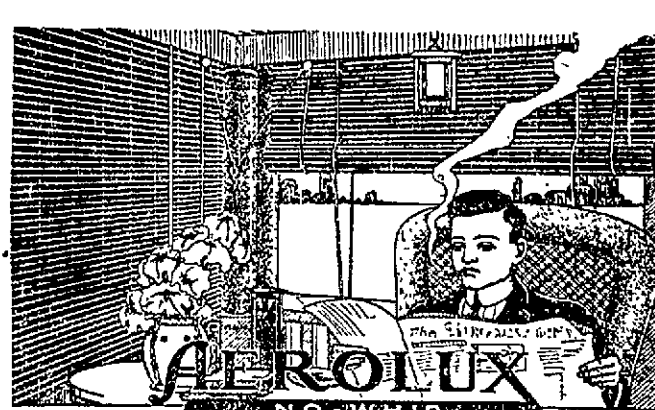
In All Honor to the Veterans of Our Own Great War

This store will remain closed all day Monday. That their declining years may be
blessed by perfect happiness found in the security of loyal friends and comrades is our
sincerest wish. May the day speedily arrive when all the nations of the earth shall firm-
ly bind themselves by universal peace pacts thereby establishing a truer bond of hu-
manity and fraternalism among all mankind.

Let There Be Peace!

Sunday Morning on Your Own Porch

—may be spent in the rest-
ful peace and quiet needed
after a hard week's work.
No matter how much wind
and sun there is, you have
one airy, free-from-drafts
place where you may pass
a pleasant day if your
porch is completely equip-
ped with Aerolux No-Whip
Porch Shades. No need to
go to the country for the
heat and the glare of the
sun cannot destroy the
pleasure of your porch or
veranda. Your house will
be one room larger and
you will think this extra
room the best place about
the house.



Aerolux No-Whip Porch Shades

—fit any porch—turn it into a perfectly delightful retreat—a place of rest
and seclusion for the whole family. They admit just the proper amount of
light and air and while you may observe passersby, you yourself remain un-
seen.

These shades do not flap in the wind—as they have the self-contained
and serviceable NO WHIP ATTACHMENT which holds them taut.

They are made in a variety of pleasing water-proof colors and tones and
come in different grades suitable for all styles of architecture.

Size 4 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in., \$2.25. 6 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in., \$3.25.
8 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in., \$4.25. 10 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in., \$5.50.

Porch Rugs and Runners

of the famous Deltex Brand. Made of fine-
ly woven prairie grass, and will give long
service. Sizes are 4 ft. 6 in. by 7 ft. 6 in.
to 9 ft. x 12 ft., and they are priced accord-
ingly at \$1.95 to \$8.00. Runners are plain
and fancy in 3-4 to 8-4 widths. 39c to 75c
per yard for plain; 45c to \$1.25 yard for
fancy.

Pretty Porch Cushions

that are very, very serviceable. Our assort-
ment offers a very large variety of all the
most wanted color combinations. Add
greatly to the attractiveness and comfort of
your porch. These constitute part of a
purchase at a very low figure, and we are
able to offer them for the modest sum of
25c. Better select three or four the next
time you're down street.

Wright-Metzler Co.

ARCADE FAMILY THEATRE

Today—Tonight
Tuesday—Wednesday

WARD & RUSSELL'S
BOHEMIAN GIRLS

—in—
My Mother-in-Law

Featuring 4 Dancing Rubes
Female Harmony Trio
and
a Buck Dancing Chorus

EXTRA
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

Country Store Night

25—PRESENTS—25

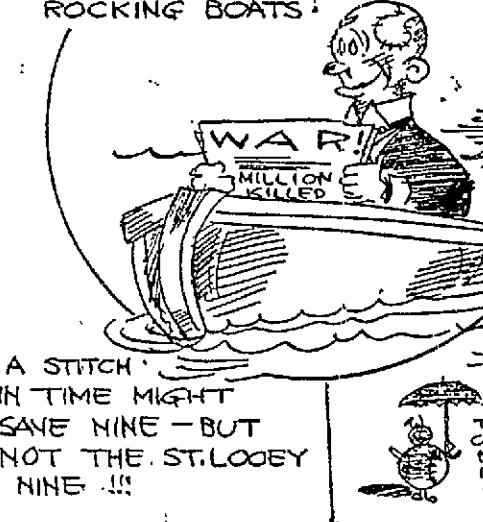
Given away free to the pa-
trons holding the lucky
numbers on this night.

Coupons given at the door.
Don't forget to ask for
same.

ADMISSION:
10 and 20c. No Higher.

RABID RUDOLPH SAYS—

ALL THE FOOLS
AREN'T
ROCKING BOATS!



A STITCH
IN TIME MIGHT
SAVE NINE—BUT
NOT THE ST. LOOEY
NINE!!!

Moving and Hauling

Moving and Hauling
PIANOS A SPECIALTY.
WE SELL SAND.

J. N. TRUMP,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND REAL ESTATE.

Office 103 E. Grape Alley, Oppo-
site P. R. R. depot. Both Phones

J. B. KURTZ,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND REAL ESTATE.

No. 3 South Meadow Lane.
Connellsville, Pa.

Commercial Printing of all kinds

Done at The Courier Job
Printing Office.

PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE!